

## Oracle 861

### [Chapter 861 Myrtharian Nerds Vs Lost Divinities \(Part 4\)](#)

Aggenur was already shell-shocked by Aurum's introduction, but his stupor was only magnified when the other two Myrmidians entered the stage as well.

"Hasta." The Myrmidian to Aurum's right likewise spoke a single word to introduce himself.

He was like all pure-blooded Myrmidians, a man with tanned olive skin, long golden hair and eyes, but unlike Aurum he had a more slender and athletic build, his body devoid of any fat. His eye sockets were hollowed out with dark circles, giving him an unintentional spooky presence. Unlike the dashing Aurum, who reeked of wealth, Hasta preferred to keep a low profile, outfitted in a tight-fitting black armor suit. In his hand, a heavy halberd as black as his armor accompanied him.

Under normal circumstances, he would have slain his enemy silently like an assassin, but because of the enemy's provocation, he exceptionally decided to pose with style and flair like his brother-in-arms Aurum. As he uttered his own name, his body was suddenly engulfed in black flames, and when the air came into contact with it, it immediately ignited, plunging the cave into a sea of black flames that spread at the speed of sound.

The air catching fire was already a shocking sight, but when the water spewed out by Dumbo, the ice created by Thyohr and even the lightning of Azeus and the shadows of Hephais caught fire, panic broke out instantly on the battlefield.

Aggenur was moved by such a demonstration of power. This guy would make a wonderful demon!

Not to be outdone, the third Myrmidian to Aurum's left stepped forward and stated with an indifferent smile,

"My name is Pictorus."

Unlike his two companions, he wore only a simple long sleeved white toga embroidered with silver, blurring his appearance and giving him an ethereal presence. One could still tell that he was a handsome man with the bearing of a scholar. Instead of Aurum's lavish equipment and Hasta's more restrained but equally intimidating style, Pictorus was armed only with a long, scepter-sized brush.

If Aggenur had met this Myrmidian under any other circumstances, he would not have been nervous at all, but after witnessing the appearance of the other two he could not help but be alert. As he stared at that brush, his stomach churned, giving him a bad feeling.

And this bad feeling was immediately confirmed. Without any apparent signal, the three Myrmidians tacitly went on the attack with uncanny coordination.

Hasta brandished his halberd and with a single step his figure faded away, leaving a trail of black flame in his wake. Faster and more elusive than a specter, he emerged from the sea of flames corroding the Demomorgon's armor and looming over the demon, drove his spear deep into its skull with the sole intention of skewering it.

A spectacular shockwave threw the nearby Players to the ground, shattering Thyohr's ice, generating a tsunami with Dumbo's water and a massive blast as it repelled the spear's black flames. Aggenur's death seemed inevitable, but the Demogorgon was a tough nut that was not so easy to crack.

As it was about to be impaled, its second head reared up, one of its long spiral horns intercepting the attack with a shrill sound. When the fallout from the attack ended and the other Players could see what was happening they discovered that the demon was not injured at all, its horn not even scratched.

"As expected from such an infamous Archdemon." Hasta declared coldly, unfazed by his failure.

At that moment, his hallerbard blade condensed a ball of black flame as hot as the sun at its tip and the projectile exploded a split second later at point blank range.

BOOOOMMM!

This time the body was blasted into the depths of the earth, creating a deep crater in its wake. Even so, Hasta immediately realized that the demon was not injured and clicked his tongue. But it didn't matter, he had achieved his goal.

"I count on you Aurum and Pictorus." The assassin chuckled sinisterly.

"No problem." Pictorus smiled as he put away his brush dripping with black ink.

An ordinary two-handled amphora materialized in front of him. Holding it cautiously with both hands above his head, the neck at its end suddenly began to suck up everything in the cave that was threatening to collapse except for the living beings.

Water, ice, flames, lightning, rocks, all forms of energy more destructive than the others were devoured by this magically conjured vacuum cleaner and very soon the ink began to distort as if the illusion was about to dissipate.

"My turn." Aurum chuckled sadistically as he rubbed his hands together.

The luxuriously outfitted Myrmidian pressed his hands against the unstable ink creation and the ink comprising it suddenly began to glow, its existence becoming much more tangible, its consistency becoming even more dense and viscous than liquid lead. The energy radiating from it was close to the standard of a Bronze Artifact.

The amphora that was about to disappear then doubled in power and any energy source that had not yet been absorbed disappeared inside. To assist the process, Hasta also poured his black flames inside while Aurum acted as a bodyguard.

After a few seconds, Aggenur's furious roar resonated below them but the three Myrmidians smiled instead.

"Too late." They sneered together.

Pictorus dropped the amphora into the hole and Aurum closed the hole with one of his spare bulwarks, then pressed his hands to the ground.

"Midas touch."

The ground already covered with cracked diamonds was this time transmuted into precious magic metals for tens, hundreds of meters deep and Aggenur who was furiously coming up suddenly faced extreme resistance. At that moment, something suddenly smashed against his forehead, infuriating him.

"What the hell is th-"

BOOOOOOM!

The shield covering the hole the three Myrmidians were standing on instantly lifted off the ground as the altered floor blew up releasing a spectacular shockwave. The vast artificial cavern, already in bad shape, collapsed on the spot.

The ongoing battle ended, and all Players unable to levitate or fly were swept away with the ground crumbling beneath their feet. Asfrid and the other Eltarians stabilized their comrades with their telekinesis, but the larger creatures like Dumbo and the dragons unfortunately fell with Lost Divinities.

Luckily, even though there wasn't enough room to fly, these dragons could use their own breath to propel themselves to some extent. Others clung to the walls still standing with their claws, ignoring the falling rocks that ricocheted against their scales.

Dumbo, the huge mammoth was unfortunately not as well endowed as these carnivorous beasts to cling to the walls and the water ejected by his trunk was not enough to compensate for his mass. In desperation, he wrapped his trunk around Crunch's tail at the last moment, who was currently clinging to Immyr's back, the only dragon that didn't need wings to levitate.

The black cat immediately felt a huge weight dragging him down into the abyss and he clung on with all his might, cursing the huge mammoth. Dumbo thought he was out of trouble, but he had underestimated the cat's elasticity.

Crunch's bushy tail continued to distend under the mammoth's monumental weight and Dumbo continued to fall into the darkness with the rest of Lost Divinities although his trunk still hung on tightly to his tail. It was only after being stretched over two kilometers that Crunch's tail reached its maximum length.

"Phew..." The mammoth sighed in relief as he watched Lost Divinities plummet beneath him.

"Did we win?" Lucia muttered with blatant disappointment on her face.

She hadn't appreciated her duel with Deimos being interrupted. If Hade hadn't stopped her with his telekinesis she would have chased Deimos down to determine a true winner.

Instead of answering her, other ruthless Myrtharian Nerds like Azeus, Daniel, Lord Phenix, Mufasa or the dragons showed no scruples and continued to aggressively bombard Lost Divinities to add insult to injury.

The explosion of Pictorus's amphora had its limits and soon the members of Lost Divinities hit rock bottom. Not to mention the fact that many of them could fly, some could levitate like Asfrid and the others. Others, like Felphi, were immune to any damage but accompanied their comrades in their fall with an ambiguous and somewhat derisive expression on their faces.

However, before they could climb back up they had to face the kilometers of rubble falling on them.

Their situation seemed to be dire and it was at this point that Jen, the Mimic who had taken on Jake's appearance, regained enough power to seal the ground beneath them, stabilize the cavern and open a new tunnel above them.

Victory seemed guaranteed, but just then a relaxed voice sounded below them,

"You sure didn't miss me. I almost died right there."

The hairs on the backs of all the Myrtharian Nerds stood on end as they recognized that voice, especially Asfrid and Jen. Anxiously riveting their gaze below them they saw the black cloud engulf the ground where Lost Divinities stood, but before it reached them, the cloud dispersed around them, revealing the appearance of the Nullifyer holding Nucnar by the scruff of the neck.

Ael was completely unharmed.

### [Chapter 862 Bitter Revenge](#)

"Don't do that, Ael. You're killing us!" A Lost Divinities Player screamed in horror as he felt the fundamental forces holding his cells together disappear.

That was how the black cloud had locally collapsed, but alas, the Nullifyer's powers did not distinguish between ally and enemy. Everything in his domain was irreparably affected, including himself.

Ael frowned as he received the derogatory yells of his subordinates. The curtain of clouds was just below them and would overtake them any second. He was already doing his best not to disintegrate them, spending his True Will to keep them from disintegrating along with the hostile clouds.

"If you don't want to die, then move your fucking asses." He growled coldly as he switched off his Nullification Domain. The black clouds that had almost caught up with them filled the vacuum sphere that had formed around him, and the Lost Divinities Players finally realized what a dire predicament they had gotten themselves into.

Without worrying about them, Ael soared into the air with a sonic boom and then, with the help of Nucnar, parted the earth in two to clear a path for himself. Felphi rolled her eyes, inwardly admiring his domineering attitude, and then flew off after him.

Sub-leaders like Deimos, Khag' Dhagmai and Ozo rushed into the tunnel without wasting time, leaving the rest of their subordinates behind. Deimos and Khag' Dhagmai could not fly, but they were able to manipulate their Divine Energy to adhere to the surfaces. In any case, they were running so fast that the concept of verticality was meaningless at their level.

"Fuck! Run!" One Player suddenly cried out as he saw the tide of black clouds surging towards him at the speed of a herd of galloping horses.

The deities, gods and would-be deities were not told twice and reacted swiftly. Those who could not fly used their own legs like Deimos to climb the passage opened by Nucnar. The others used their own ingenious methods.

Thyohr turned into an ice comet and shot up like a shooting star into the rift. Ashun, who seemed powerless and desperate, dissolved into a puff of smoke of unspeakable fragrance without leaving a trace.

Aggenur, still in his Demogorgon form, spread his broad, membranous wings and with a flap rose more than a kilometer, unleashing a hurricane that threw several of his allies into the black cloud curtain.

Belakor used a similar method, even sweeping aside the Players in his way with his fist. Those unfortunate enough to be smacked by him were knocked down like bowling pins, many of them falling directly into the sea of storm clouds.

Astraroth, another Archdemon, teleported away with a thought, mercilessly abandoning his subordinates. The demons of his clan tried to follow suit, but most of them could barely resist the hurricane stirred up by Aggenur.

Dhamde, the horned swordsman in kimono who was furiously hacking at the clouds to protect his companions, gave the three demons a murderous look as he saw them fly away. Aware that it was too late, he slashed through the hurricane with his sword, which was slowing down the weaker Players, and then dashed into the breach.

All the other Players followed in his wake, but in the meantime dozens of Players were killed.

Meanwhile, Asfrid and the other Myrtharian Nerds were facing their most terrifying enemy since the Ordeal began. Ael and Felphi closed the distance separating them in a heartbeat with Nucnar's power paving the way, and Jen's best efforts did nothing to hinder them.

Feeling a sense of impending doom like never before, Asfrid, who had not yet fully recovered from her mental fatigue, gritted her teeth and used Force Push again. Both Ael and Felphi were blasted into the abyss this time, but the Nullifyer was prepared this time.

Less than three seconds later, he teleported back in front of her, Felphi breaking her fall only a few hundred meters below by activating her disruption techniques. Seeing this, Asfrid cursed them inwardly and ignoring her nosebleed used Force Push again.

This time it didn't work at all. Felphi stepped in and used her disruptive powers at full strength, a vast spiritual presence pervading the atmosphere and opposing the Eltarian's weakening True Will. The Force Push ricocheted off them seamlessly, their bodies recoiling only a few inches.

As a result, the two deities also began to plummet, their own telekinetic powers neutralized, but the interference lasted only a split second. Just enough to counteract Asfrid's Force Push.

At that moment, seeing that the other Lost Divinities Players were about to catch up, Hade grabbed Asfrid by the collar and threw her behind him, entrusting her to Immyr who caught her in his maw.

"Don't wait for me." The Fluid Grandmaster announced solemnly as he held up his black light saber.

The Aether over tens of kilometers in radius instantly vanished, instantly dropping the Aether density to zero. On the surface, his technique almost resembled the godlike powers of Ael and Felphi. His crushing defeat at the hands of the blue-skinned woman had certainly inspired him.

Being specially trained to resist this kind of ability, Ael and Felphi easily survived the momentary disappearance of the Aether, but for an infinitesimal time the cohesion of space became so weak that it was torn apart. Nucnar was shredded to bits, his remains sucked into the gigantic spatial rift.

At the same time the missing Aether shrouded Hade's light saber and arm and he slashed forth with an overwhelming killing intent imbued with his bountiful True Will.

"DIE!"

For the first time, Ael and Felphi's expression turned serious and an ominous bluish-black glow radiated from their hands, their bright pupils betraying the full release of their Soul Power.

"Disruptive Shield." Felphi declared grimly.

"Absolute Nullification Field." Ael mouthed concurrently.

The black crescent of light packed with a frightening amount of energy capable of destroying absolutely everything in its path dissipated against an invisible force field without making a sound.

At the same time, the massive spatial rift wreaking havoc closed as if it had never existed, the local Aether density currently at zero suddenly becoming infinite. Ael's nullification abilities were not only limited to removing what already existed, he could also nullify what did not exist, producing its exact opposite. Of course, this was not without consequences for his body.

For conversely, the Aether within the bodies of all those encompassed by his Nullification Field vanished and with their Aether stats reduced to zero, Hade, Ael and Felphi were suddenly faced with a never-ending deluge of Aether.

Infinite Aether density meant infinite gravity and temperature. Although such an absolute divine ability could only be maintained for a tiny fraction of a second by burning up his True Will, it was enough to change the course of the battle.

Felphi resisted fiercely by unleashing her disruptive powers at full strength, consuming her own Soul power, but Hade didn't get away with it. Even sacrificing his True Will and using the move he had practiced to resist Felphi's powers, his body was crushed by a near infinite pressure.

His soul was about to collapse completely with no way to be saved by the Oracle when Ael and Felphi imploded in turn, crushed by an invisible hand of cosmic might.

Because the Aether density was infinite, the fabric of space was frighteningly strong and their remains were not sucked into a spatial rift. Instead, their divine powers were extinguished and the Aether density returned to normal, the Aether density that had fallen to zero having already risen to a non-lethal value in those few milliseconds.

Hade, whose Spirit Body was like a windblown candle about to be snuffed out, cast an exhausted look in the direction of his savior before slipping into unconsciousness. Before being repatriated in a hurry by the Oracle System, he whispered in a soothed voice,

"I did not fail in my mission. I protected the Myrtharian Nerds while you were gone."

Jake watched Hade's soul wisp disappear with a guilty expression on his face. If he had arrived a second earlier, he could have prevented this dramatic turn of events.

"It's not your fault." Ruby consoled him by patting his shoulder with a sad smile.

Gerulf, Rogen, Haynt, Tim and the others showed the same shame, their guilt far more apparent than the guilt on Jake's face.

When they had been buried by kilometers of rubble in yet another antimatter explosion, the two Kintharians and the three Throsgenians with them had died instantly despite the efforts of Jake and the others to protect them. Tim had survived due to his luck, perhaps indirectly saving the entire group from a worse fate.

The blast from the last antimatter explosion was not something a Fourth-Ordeal Player could handle, no matter how talented they were. Without Jake, Gerulf, Rogen, Wang Xiaoming, Haynt and Ruby they would have been dead for sure.

If it was the last explosion, they could have joined the others less than a second later, but the explosions didn't stop after that one, quite the opposite. To prevent Hade and the others from suffering the consequences and to give them time to get away, Jake and the other survivors had to use all their trump cards.

When the explosions had finally abated for a few seconds, they had rushed to join them, but when they arrived they had witnessed this apocalyptic scene. Jake had immediately gone on the attack but it was already too late. Hade could no longer be saved.

He had taken his revenge, but the taste of victory was bitter.

#### [Chapter 863 Love](#)

Right after Hade's death and Ael and Felphi's disappearance, the shapeshifter Melion appeared on the battlefield and picked up a bloody trail of goo with his finger that had survived the Spatial Rift. Jake and his group joined him just in time to deter the Lost Divinities officers who were about to arrive.

"What did you do?" Deimos questioned coldly as he released a tremendous killing intent.

However, he didn't jump to the attack immediately despite his rage which spoke volumes about how he really felt. Not even in their worst-case scenarios had they envisioned Ael and Felphi dying. All the other Players could die, but not these two super-powered aliens.

Khag' Dagmai, Ozo, Ashun, Thyohr, and the others came up next and had the same reaction. None of them dared to attack them head-on.

The presence of Jake, Gerulf, Rogen and Ruby was frightening and the disappearance of their two supreme leaders only exacerbated their angst. Especially since Jake was known to have slain Shamash a few months earlier. Even with their Divinities they weren't completely safe.

Jake ignored the question of the Spartan who was still an invincible foe a few months earlier and turned to Melion.

"Can you copy his bloodline?"

"Hardly." The shapeshifter admitted with a self-conscious grimace. "Without his Divinity and stats the result will probably be lackluster if I take his appearance."

Jake nodded. He had considered the possibility. Either way, it meant they now had an extra trump card.

"Turn into him."

Melion didn't argue and absorbed the Nullifyer's blood to take on his appearance. A second later, an identical double of Ael replaced the shapeshifter, scandalizing the Lost Divinities officers. His aura was far inferior, but his powers were the same.

"How dare you?!" Ozo shouted in his shrill voice.

Deimos and Khag' Dagmai exchanged gloomy looks and prepared to assassinate their leader's clone. If Ael learned that an opportunistic shapeshifter had turned into him and they had done nothing, he would certainly be furious. In any case, Ael's powers were too dangerous. Even if he was a pale copy, it was imperative to eliminate him to avoid further undesirable developments.

Ashun secretly fidgeted when she noticed the tension on the faces of the two sub-leaders. It was the first time she had seen them so serious. Her laughter choked in her throat, however, when Melion raised his palm towards them.

"Nullify Strength."

Melion had been amply briefed on the matter before by Jake and he knew full well that Deimos and Khag' Dagmai could not fly. By depriving them of their physical strength, the Lost Divinities Players became unable to cling to the walls and they fell into the void helplessly.

Ashun was no different, and it was only after she turned into smoke that she managed to stabilize herself. The scent immediately made Melion nauseous, but after saying "Nullify Poisons and External Influences," his symptoms disappeared.

On a whim, he gloated,

"Nullify smoke."

Ashun was instantly annihilated and if she hadn't regenerated her body with her Divinity she would have died. But the worst was yet to come. Jake and the others had already discussed their strategy after copying the Nullifyer's powers and Melion knew what he had to do.

"Nullify Divinities."

As he spoke his words, the blood left the faces of the Lost Divinities Players. Even Deimos and Khag' Dagmai, who had just regained their strength by leaving Melion's domain, became livid. But the shapeshifter had no intention of stopping there.

"Nullify Defense and Vitality."

Jake and the other Myrtharian Nerds present were also affected but unlike Lost Divinities they were mentally prepared. As the activity in their cell reached its minimum, Jake, Ruby, Gerulf and the others activated their powers at full strength.

Jake opened his Myrtharian Eyes and a white beam of tremendous power shot out, vaporizing all the Lost Divinities Players in his line of sight. Ashun, who had barely recovered, teleported away with a startled scream and reappeared behind Aggenur, who had just arrived and took the blow for her.

Deprived of his strength, regeneration and defense, the huge Demogorgon was riddled with scorching holes and immediately retreated. Just as he was about to leave the Nullification Domain, a three-foot sphere of magma struck him with the force and speed of a meteor, and his enormous demonic body exploded, producing a light as blinding as a supernova. The other Players nearby were also atomized.

"Duck Smash." Gerulf chuckled proudly.

Ruby just smiled and froze the firebird, Belakor, Astraroth and even Ozo. The Bubble Alien didn't think for a second and detonated, killing several of its comrades in the process.

Haynt, Tim and the others sprang into action, unleashing all sorts of Bloodline and Aether abilities and slaughtering all the enemy players hit by the Nullification Domain. Those who reacted in time teleported away like Ashun or retreated like Aggenur, but most were wiped out before they could react.

Retreat was not an option anyway. The curtain of black clouds was right below them. Lost Divinities hoped that after inflicting severe casualties Jake and the others would leave, but they had underestimated the Myrtharian Nerds' grudge.

Patting Melion on the shoulder, Jake and the others looked solemnly at the shapeshifter who had recently joined them and proclaimed,

"Your sacrifice will not be forgotten. From now on, you are one of us."

Ael's clone was already pale, on the verge of fainting from exhaustion. His body was unable to withstand the Nullifyer's powers.

By transforming into the alien, he knew from the start that it would be risky, but the shapeshifter had always had a keen sense for seizing opportunities. Joining the Myrtharian Nerds was the chance he had always been waiting for and he knew this was the perfect time to convince them of his worth.

By mutual agreement, Jake used his telekinesis on Melion to propel him with the explosiveness of a cannonball toward the cloud curtain and the fleeing Lost Divinities Players. With his Nullification Domain still active, all Players entering his perimeter were stripped of their strength and vitality and began dropping like flies, swept along with the shapeshifter on his descent into hell.

"Nullify Abilities."

Without strength or supernatural powers, the Lost Divinities Players lost all hope of resistance, and almost all of their surviving faction fell helplessly into the sea of storm clouds. Melion had committed suicide magnificently, slaughtering a superfaction almost single-handedly.

"What a man..." Haynt sighed admiringly. Although he had known the shapeshifter for over 500 years, he had never noticed that his character was so decisive.

Nevertheless, it soon became apparent that Melion had not succeeded in killing everyone. Using their True Will and other mysterious abilities, some Players had managed to survive. In the end, Melion wasn't Ael. His nullification powers were not as overpowered as the alien's.

On a quick count, Jake counted only 6 people: Deimos, Khag' Dagmai, Dhamde, Ashun, Astraroth and Ozo. The Bubble Alien was only a few meters in diameter and was now harmless.

Astraroth, who had been frozen by Ruby was a Spirit Mage and had discarded his flesh body to survive. The demon was now just a specter and that's why Melion's Nullification Domain had no effect on him.

Ashun had been hit several times, but at the last moment she had recovered her ability to move as if Melion had spared her.

As for Dhamde, the swordsman in the kimono, Jake had a vague impression of him and didn't remember him being that strong. Maybe he had fought a mere clone like Shamash or maybe he had never fought him seriously.

Before the Nullification Domain hit him, he had sliced the air in front of him with his sword and he had been miraculously spared. Deimos and Khag' Dagmai had used a similar method, using a Killing Move boosted by their True Will to destroy the enemy's ability.

Other Players had tried, but they had underestimated the danger. When they tried to react, it was too late.

At that moment, a strange silence filled the battlefield. At the top of the tunnel, Jake and his group stared coldly at the six Lost Divinities Players still alive. If the deadly clouds weren't closing in fast, this standoff could have gone on indefinitely.

"We can't stay here." Ozo panicked in a low voice as he felt the Mana Storm right behind him.

Deimos and Khag' Dagmal frowned. This was indeed not the time to fight. They had to escape from here first, but without Nucnar and the others it would be complicated.

At that moment, as if to seal their fate, Rogen slowly pointed his finger at them and said in a hoarse, sinister voice,

"Sitting Duck."

The pupils of Dhamde, Khag' Dagmai and Deimos narrowed and they instinctively teleported without thinking. Ashun, Ozo and even Astraroth who was in his spirit form were frozen in a block of eternal ice.

At that moment, a pink glow flashed in Ashun's eyes and Dhamde, Deimos and Khag' Dagmai turned around, using all their powers to save her. Three and a half seconds later and after sacrificing a lot of their energy and True Will they managed to break her free.

The curtain of clouds rolled in a heartbeat later, burying Ozo and Astraroth, still indignant at being dumped so heartlessly.

'Love... It is truly the strongest power of all.' The two Players sighed bitterly as they slipped into unconsciousness.

### [Chapter 864 Back To The Surface](#)

A second later a loud bang was heard inside the black clouds, corresponding to Ozo's detonation. It was an act of desperation as a last resort and the result was obviously not what Ozo had hoped for as it failed to break out of the clouds in time.

Jake and his comrades stood by indifferently, staring at Deimos and the other two Lost Divinities survivors with a cryptic expression. They had no intention of confronting them.

With a nonchalant wave, Jake and Gerulf closed the earth beneath them, burying the three Lost Divinities Players beneath kilometers of rock. If they could still get to the surface without being swamped by the clouds and the Mana Storm, Jake was willing to let bygones be bygones.

Deimos, Dhamde and Khag' Dagmai breathed an involuntary sigh of relief as Jake and his companions left after giving them one last dismissive look. A few seconds after their departure, a spatial rift reappeared where Ael and Felphi had been obliterated and sucked in.

Two bloody masses were spat out of it a few seconds later. An intangible shockwave spread around them, disrupting the atomic bonds of the rock around them, and the two badly wounded aliens fell through.

Deimos and the other two officers' expressions changed as they recognized the aura of their two Supreme Leaders. A relieved smile crept across their faces.

As they thought! It wasn't so easy to get rid of these two deities. With their leaders ahead and the black clouds behind them, the three Players worked hard to smash their way through the rock using only their fists and weapons. Even with the kilometers of stone slowing their ascent, they were still much faster than the black curtain.

Ten seconds later, Ael, Felphi, and the Deimos group joined up.

"How many Players are still alive?" Ael asked calmly as she glanced at the four survivors, especially Ashun who was still chilled.

"Only the four of us." Deimos replied with a grim face, his phalanges blanching as he clutched the hilt of his spear tightly.

"Not bad." Ael patted his shoulder with an unruffled smile.

Felphi was equally deadpan, showing no sadness after her whole faction had been wiped out. Seeing the guilty countenance of Deimos and the others, the Nullifyer sighed and said,

"It's not your fault. I made a mistake in failing to recognize the significance of the Digestor Trojans in this Ordeal. If I had known, I would have killed Ruby directly instead of giving her to Mirror Vanguard. I would have also responded positively to their request for help in eliminating the Schwazen threat, but what's done is done. This will serve as a lesson for our next Ordeals. The Myrtharian Nerds will be our allies at that time and the more powerful they are the better for us when we are called upon to collaborate in the future."

Deimos opened his mouth in objection, but Felphi snarled curtly,

"You are not our only team. Several dozen Players led by Flingel were moving separately with all our prisoners from the various factions. They also have a Digestor Trojan and Jammer with them. As long as we have these bargaining chips, we can still negotiate with the other superfactions, Myrtharian Nerds included."

At that moment, as if to prove her wrong, Ael received a notification from his bracelet and his face turned ugly. Felphi received the same notification a second later her mouth gaped then snapped shut as if she had just swallowed a fly.

"What's going on?" Ashun asked as she realized something was wrong.

Ael closed his eyes and rubbed his temples wearily, then said,

"Flingel's group was just wiped out by a coalition of enemy players. Leading them was the Vampire Progenitor Wyatt..."

"Damn it! We should have taken out that fucking Vampire when we had the chance!" Khag' Dagmai cursed as he demolished the rock wall on his right with a punch. "This ridiculous test imposed by the Oracle forbidding us to kill them has completely sabotaged us!"

The Nosk King had tested Wyatt personally a few months earlier, leaving him for dead after the latter had barely managed to awaken his True Will. The latter had threatened him with revenge if he did not immediately release Carmin at that time. The threat had become a reality.

"We knew the risks." Felphi belittled him coldly. "That's why I wasn't encouraging you to rob them any more than necessary at that time. It's only a return of karma and it was the Oracle's way of raising our Ordeal's difficulty. Otherwise, surviving on Quanoth would have been a small challenge for most of us."

"What do we do now?" Dhamde asked peacefully right after.

All eyes turned to Ael and after a short hesitation he said,

"For us the Ordeal is over. We're laying low."

The survivors did not like the answer, but inwardly they heaved a sigh of relief. They understood what their leader implicitly meant.

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Jake and his group joined the other Myrtharian Nerds a few seconds later. With two Myrtharians, a Kintharian and two Throsgenians to lead the way, moving underground was no challenge. Upon reuniting with Jake, Gerulf and the others, Lucia and the other Myrtharian Nerds were finally able to relax.

"I didn't believe for a second that you were dead!" Lucia chuckled loudly as she threw herself into Jake's arms, but Enya and Aisling sneered at her false bravado. Seconds earlier, she was gnawing her nails in anxiety as she paced back and forth.

Jake looked around at the survivors and saw that several familiar faces were missing. Svava had been badly wounded in her failed ambush against Felphi and despite the support of Hephais, Drastan and his Trolls she had finally succumbed.

Kenway had been badly wounded by Belakor and as a demonic deity he was not one to fight fair. He had discreetly resorted to the help of Astraroth and his psychic attacks to incapacitate him, the Werelion's mind being his weak point despite his level 90.

Two Myrmidians were missing, as well as two of the birds of prey, the diamond rhinoceros, Bagheera and Thomas'O Malley on the Aristocats side. Lastly, Daniel had been countersniped by a Lost Divinities marksman seconds before Jake arrived, joining his daughter Lily in the group of early eliminated Players.

In addition to these familiar Players, Drastan's army of 70 Trolls had been decimated. Without it, their losses would have been far more severe. A bracelet had already been given to them for this final battle, with the other thousands out in space aboard the spaceship with the other rescued survivors.

Unlike the previous two Ordeals, Will was unharmed. All his efforts to become a Dragon Soulspeaker had been worth it.

Maeve had also survived, defying all odds. Right now, she stood coldly apart from the group, arms crossed. God only knew what she was really thinking.

"Why aren't you moving forward anymore?" Gerulf asked in a guttural voice as he looked up at the metal ceiling above his head.

"You idiot, that's the foundation of Celestial City." Rogen scoffed loudly, feeling proud that he had outsmarted the Kintharian.

"So what?" Gerulf snorted. "It's just metal."

Provoked, he raised his arm and connected his mind to the steel frame of the entire city, and the metal began to squeak unpleasantly under his efforts. However, the ceiling above them did not buckle, indifferent to the Kintharian's powers.

"See? Even Jake didn't try."

"All right, that's enough you two." Asfrid reprimanded them sternly. Turning to Jake, she inquired nervously, "Hade?"

Jake shook his head apologetically.

"I was too late."

Asfrid had expected it, but she was still depressed when she received the confirmation. Hade didn't deserve to die. If he had gone his own way from the beginning, he could have survived to the end without anyone's help.

"It was his choice." Jake consoled her.

Feeling the tide of black clouds rapidly approaching from below, he ended the rejoicing of the reunion and brought out one of the last Portable Fortresses made by Hade that remained. This one had been saved for this specific situation.

"Time is of the essence, those who cannot teleport, get inside. He ordered in an urgent tone. "Those who don't think they can handle the antimatter explosions outside either, get inside as well."

With the exception of Ruby, Gerulf, Haynt and Rogen, who were not afraid of radiation and could take the blast from those explosions for a while, none of them were heroes and they all obediently went

inside. Even Lord Phenix, who could rise from the ashes, hid inside readily. If he was hit by a second blast before he was reborn he would be killed for good.

Jake and the others could hear it. From the beginning, the earthquakes had never stopped and had only intensified.

A few minutes later, the black clouds engulfed the ground beneath them and Jake, Ruby, Gerulf, Rogen and Haynt teleported to the surface holding hands.

### [Chapter 865 Granting Asylum](#)

When the group of five surfaced at a slightly off-center location in the Celestial City, they were immediately exposed to a shocking degree of temperature and radiation. Jake had planned to teleport directly into the Divine Academy, but the protective energy shield erected around it had shifted them a little further away. Still, it was better than killing themselves by popping back up into some indestructible wall.

BOOOOM!

Another blast, but this time at close range, ravaged the unyielding city, and Jake and Ruby combined their telekinesis to erect an unbreachable force field around them. The invisible shield's surface immediately warped and the five Myrtharian Nerds reflexively activated their Oracle Shields.

Jake scanned the environment around him, intuitively detecting the building that was supposed to be his and teleported with his companions to its entrance. Like thousands of Players before them, he tried to force his way through the front door to get inside and shelter from the explosions, but it remained hopelessly locked.

Haynt's bracelet being the most basic, his Oracle Shield overheated a mere half second later and the blast from the next explosion vaporized half his body mass. Fortunately, he was invulnerable to the heat and radiation and used it to regenerate his body during the interval before the next blast.

"What do we do now?" Haynt asked darkly, his astral body flickering dimly.

Astral beings were a strange balance of stellar being, spirit, and physical body, with the advantages and disadvantages of all three and able to switch between different phases if necessary. Alas, these explosions of antimatter were dangerous to all three states.

Jake frowned, scanning the entire Celestial City with his Oracle Scan, and became solemn as he realized that the number of survivors could be counted on the fingers of one hand. In addition to their group, he counted a huge robot that must have been Vhoskaud, a drop-shaped alien hidden under a barrier that even his Oracle Scan couldn't penetrate, a human in armor that didn't appear to be a Player, an elderly Drur, plus two Players fighting on the outskirts of the city.

Seeing a myriad of multicolored Cubes light up the blackened sky in the distance like a blazing fireworks display, Jake realized that one of the two fighters was undoubtedly Vexa. The Player he was facing was the one who was at the origin of all these explosions, obviously immune to them.

Because of the sheer power of these detonations, the black clouds were pushed back by the antimatter explosions every time they threatened to overwhelm them and Vexa and his opponent had been able to continue to fight like this outside the city for all this time without worrying about anything.

The Celestial City had long been surrounded by the black clouds everywhere else, but an invisible dome-like barrier appeared to stop the stormy mass at the city's edge. The blasts from the antimatter explosions and the fallout from their clashes did not filter through, however, and this had caused a bloodbath among the survivors who had managed to reach the city alive.

Within seconds of Jake and his four companions' arrival, dozens, hundreds of Players and natives teleported into Celestial City. Their arrival was immediately greeted by a new blast.

More than half of them died instantly. Jake was indifferent to their fate, but his face clouded over when he saw Ael, Felphi, Deimos, Khag' Dagmai, Dhamde and Ashun among them. When he recognized Wyatt, Carmin, Elduin, Bhammod, and a few elite Pureblood members, the young Vampire Progenitor spotted him as well, and the blond man teleported his group over to them with an Oracle Teleport array.

As they regrouped, the two factions immediately merged their Oracle Shields, but Jake and Gerulf did not activate theirs, choosing to take the blasts directly with their bodies. With these indestructible buildings serving as a natural barrier, they could withstand the temperatures and shockwaves with ease.

While the two men manipulated heat and radiation to absorb or redirect it, Ruby and Rogen also went to work, quickly freezing the air to barricade their two factions under an increasingly cold ice fortress. Every so often, a new blast would vaporize the surface of the fortress, cracking the ice and threatening the integrity of its structure, but Jake, who now had control over both the hot and cold, had no trouble stabilizing it.

With the situation inside the ice fortress becoming more manageable, Jake teleported inside to get Asfrid and the other Eltarians out of his Portable Fortress, who then assisted by setting up a powerful force field inside the structure.

Tim and Haynt also helped while Enya tended to the injured with her white flames. Although she chose a more offensive Soul Class than her sister, her Light Element also had a holy nature that predisposed her to healing spells.

The other Myrtharian Nerds, especially the oversized Aristocats, remained inside Jake's Portable Fortress waiting for the situation outside to improve.

Psykow squinted its thirteen eyes as it calmly monitored their actions, blatantly showing its displeasure as it realized that their defenses were getting stronger. After a few dozen seconds, it became clear that the antimatter explosions would not be enough to deal with them.

The SS-adventurer Galadin, the 3-meter-tall armored warrior, ignored his wounds and made a dash for the ice fortress, begging Jake and Gerulf outside to let him in. With his level 103, the native emanated a powerful aura as concentrated as ten nuclear bombs. The only entity superior to this native that Jake had encountered on Quanoth was Shenron, the dragon who had taken Will under his wing.

Thanks to Digitalization, his high-tier Soul Class, and his high attributes, the half-giant had withstood those hundreds, thousands of blasts without faltering, but he was close to his limit. Upon scanning him,

Jake discovered that he had a "Weakened State" status, with a 90% malus to his stats, including his HP regen. He had also long since exhausted his Mana, his Mana Regen no longer being sufficient to defend himself properly.

The reason was that he had been virtually annihilated multiple times and his Spirit Body had ended up being damaged despite his impressive level 103. The native's mind and body were one and the same and in addition to suffering a stats malus, his effective level was currently below 70. If it continued like this he would perish after a few more explosions.

Jake deliberated for a while, sizing up Galadin from head to toe, but then, considering that the drop-shaped alien and Vexa's opponent were surely part of Anti-Life, he decided to accept him. The warrior was very grateful when, after shaking hands with his savior, the scenery changed to the interior of the ice fortress. He had been teleported inside.

The veteran Drur, a cold, muscular, purple-skinned alien a dozen meters tall whose armor suit had long since melted, swallowed his pride as he found that Galadin had been accepted into this group. With no armor, no shield and his batteries flat, he was also very close to his limits.

As the most illustrious warrior of his race, he knew all of his potential rivals and had a very clear idea of the adventurer's character. Although he was carefree and indomitable, he was not a bad guy and he could at least trust his instincts.

Remembering that he was the only Drur still alive on this planet, the old soldier quivered with rage, biting his lip until it bled. He glared at Vhoskaud, who had exterminated them long before Neri's intervention, and then, choking back his pride, he ran to Jake to ask for asylum.

"I am Spak, the guardian god of the Shatug Empire and a friend of Galadin." The giant alien nervously introduced himself, buck naked. "He can vouch for me..."

The alien had the body and deep voice of an abnormally muscular male, but nothing hanging between his legs, making Jake doubt his gender. Seeing his strange expression, the Drur understood what was going on and explained,

"Drurs are asexual. We reproduce by cloning and gene manipulation. We mix the genome of one or more partners in a test tube and then use a chromosomal harmonizer to then create a-"

Jake teleported him inside the fortress before he could hear the end of his sentence.

'Geez... Did he really think this was the time to give me a Drur sex ed lesson?'